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The Anchor



Volume XXXII

HOPE COLLEGE, Holland, Michigan,

March 17, 1920

Number 26

SIXTH CONSECUTIVE ORATORICAL VICTORY BRIGHTENS HORIZON

MISS HOLKEBOER AND MR. HAGER UPHOLD HIGH RECORD
OF COLLEGE IN TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONTEST

Given First Place at Adrian, Mich. Great Messages of Liberation Are

The twenty-third contest of the M. O. L. was held Saturday, March 13, at Adrian College, and for Hope it was a very memorable occasion for it brought us a double victory. Harry J. Hager, '20, won our sixth successive victory in the men's contest, while Tena Holkeboer, also of the class of 1920, won first place in the women's contest.

The Ladies' Contest was held in Downs' Hall, the Chapel of Adrian College. President Fellman of Adrian, cordially welcomed all the delegations on behalf of the city as well as of the college. Mr. H. D. Le Baron then rendered an organ solo, "Hosannah" by Wachs.

The first oration, "The Test of American Patriotism" was delivered by Doris Abbot Alverson of Adrian. Miss Alverson analyzed the present condition of social unrest and attributed them all to Bolshevism. Her solution lay, not in material force, but in spiritual regeneration, in a policy of applied Americanism.

"America—For Whom?" was the title of the oration given by Miss Gertrude Pratt of Albion. Her subject was fundamentally the same as that of the first oration—Bolshevism and its attending evils. The panacea, according to Miss Pratt's conception of the situation, lies not only in law, but also in public and church education. The doctrine of the Golden Rule must be lived as well as preached.

Miss Alberta Bowman of Alma spoke on "Education—A Means of Americanization." Hers was a plea for the immigrant, for his education; and in this process the steps are instruction in a common language, in hygiene, cleanliness and morality, and in real and fundamental citizenship.

Then Mr. Howell Taylor, accompanied by Mr. LeBaron, sang "Ah, 'tis a Dream," and "The Song of the Shark."

The fourth speaker was Miss Loretta L. Potter of Hillsdale, whose oration was "The Patriotism of Peace." She presented four problems of peace, the immigrant, the preservation of the fruits of our victories, our foreign relations, and our policy in regard to the League of Nations. The only way for us to meet the solution of these difficult propositions is to maintain the democratic ideals to make America "one nation, indivisible with freedom and justice for all."

Then it was Hope's turn. I shall not analyze Tena's oration—"An Age on Ages Telling"—you have heard it and you will be able to read it for yourselves. I shall simply say that Tena truly outdid every effort that she had made before; her enthusiasm was so contagious and effective that the result shows that the judges agreed with us that Tena had fairly and squarely won the contest.

After Hope's oration, Mr. LeBaron rendered "Organ Romance in C," by Maxon, and this was followed by the oration "The Potter's Wheel," given by Miss Marion Graybiel of Kalamazoo. Miss Graybiel kept the figure of the potter at his wheel very consistently throughout her oration. She had as her subject, "qwwtlyyqko that is and that may be," and she rejected greed and indifference as possible potters at our wheel, and advocated a spirit of friendliness, sympathy and love.

The last speaker was Miss Pearl C. Bigge of the Michigan State Normal School; her oration was entitled "The New Conflict." "The supreme question before us is that in infusing

lema and to our international relations." Miss Bigge challenged us to dare to accomplish these tasks, as great as any which we have hitherto performed.

The decision, announced after the evening contest, gave third place to Miss Graybiel of Kalamazoo, second place to Miss Bowman of Alma, and democracy with a new meaning. We must make Democracy more than a name and we must apply its principles to the solution of our domestic problem first place to our own speaker, Miss Holkeboer.

The Men's contest was held in the Baptist church of Adrian, Saturday evening. Mr. W. A. Walker of Adrian College spoke on "The Spirit of Tolerance," and he asserted that "America was, at creation, planned to be the refuge of the weak and oppressed, the champion of freedom, and the very symbol of tolerance," and that our task, now more than ever, is to uphold our heritage.

Mr. Ray Winegar of Albion presented a plea for "The Negro Citizen." A national system of education is the means of helping the negro to do his part; a national program of fair play is essential for us to do our part. We cannot ignore this problem, for it is America's responsibility.

The third oration, "The Marks of the Man," delivered by Mr. J. Thomas Dasef of Alma, was a splendid eulogy of Theodore Roosevelt. The key-note of the life of this "typical American" was work; strength, truth and patriotism are "the marks of the man."

"Americanization or Dissolution" was the subject of the oration given by Mr. Leon Latham of Hillsdale. The present tendency toward materialism leads toward dissolution; Americanization must be brought about by efficient instruction in the true ideals of democracy.

Hope's oration "One Nation, One Language, One Flag," I shall not analyze, for you will have the opportunity to read it as well as Miss Holkeboer's. Harry had a message and he meant to give it as best he could. And he certainly did his best. The entire Hope delegation was completely satisfied as we had been in the afternoon.

Mr. H. L. Carpenter of Kalamazoo very forcefully presented the oration "Where There is No Vision." He warned American citizens against threatened materialism, and said "We must see that world-service and firm adherence to America's idealism will crush and overwhelm these powers and rescue her people from ever being subjected to them."

The last oration "The New America," given by Mr. Charles Forsythe of the Michigan State Normal College was analysis of our present crisis. "We have the greatest opportunity ever afforded a nation to prove whether or not we have lived true to our dedication that 'all men are created equal,'" said Mr. Forsythe, "and it is for us to here highly resolve that our dead shall not have died in vain but that the world shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom."

Music for the evening was furnished by Mr. Taylor, Mr. Richard, Miss Lambie and Mrs. Stewart.

The decision for the evening completed Hope's happiness, for first place was again given to our representative, Mr. Hager; second place went to Mr. Carpenter of Kalamazoo, and third place to Mr. Winegar of Albion.

Last Game Goes to Hope

Y. MEN ARE UNABLE TO COMBAT
HOPE'S BASKETEERS

Prins Brothers and Van Hazel Play
Last Game

In a hard-fought, rough and tumble, hit 'em hard battle, the Hope five took the Holland "Y" aggregation in camp and defeated them by a score of 28 to 20. Starting off with a break-neck speed which excelled any playing seen on the floor this season, the Orange and Blue quintet soon managed to obtain a ten-point lead and never during the remainder of the game was this advantage threatened by the Holland team. Hope played an offensive game for the most part and displayed some clever passing in working the ball in toward the basket. Not a single long shot was attempted and every counter resulted from a short throw. No little credit is due the Prins brothers who worked together like clock-work. In spite of the fact that everybody anticipated a rough game we believe that both teams put up a good game and played square.

Holland "Y" furnished some stiff opposition and showed themselves of a calibre that can compete with the best in the state. Although completely outclassed in the first half they came back strong in the second half and held our team to a close score. There are three former Hope men in their ranks and it is little wonder that "like produces like." The close guarding on the part of both teams and the tendency to cover individual players slowed up the game in the latter period. This half had little semblance with the first period and took on the character of a man to man conflict. Quite at forward for the "Y" team was the individual star, showing wonderful speed and some beautiful passing. Capt. T. Prins at center and P. Prins at forward did stellar work for Hope.

Van Tangeren started the scoring for the "Y," but Dick came back with a counter to even up matters. Nykamp located for one, but Bill had the mate to it. A foul on Hope gave the "Y" a one-point lead. Then Dickie shot two fouls and the "Y" never saw the lead again. Pete and Teunie both added a couple couples (note how well the couple alliterative fits in with Pete) and Dick added a few pointers, thus making the score 18 to 7 at the end of the half.

The second half was slow, due both to the defensive work and the officiating. Hope soon added five more points and the score stood 23-7. The "Y" decided it was time to take a sprint and ran their end of the score up to 16. Then Teunie, Dick and Pete came in rapid succession and added counters, thus bringing the score up to 28. The "Y" made it 20 and the whistle brought the game to a close. An enthusiastic crowd was out and many of the Holland people came out to support the "Y." In due consideration of the "Y" team, we must say that the fellows deserve the support of the town. Holland ought to wake up and erect a "Y" building for the young men of this community. We could have one of the best Y. M. C. A. teams in the state if the men had adequate accommodations.

The game last Friday evening was the last of the season and the Hope fans have seen Pete, Teunie and Bill in action for the last time. With fairness it must be said that Hope can never forget the names of these men in connection with her basketball team. Four years of playing have written their names indelibly upon the minds of every Hope follower and it is with regret that we see them leave the school.

(Continued on Last Page)

FRATERNALS WIN FROM EMERSONIANS WHILE COSMOS LOSE TO KNICKERBOCKER MEN.

Englesman, Cooper, Burggraaf and
Vischer Receive Places.

The elimination debate between the Emersonian Society and the Fraternal Society was held in the Fraternal Hall Thursday evening. The question debated was, "Resolved, That the government adopt a system of Compulsory Arbitration in all Basic Industries." Jack Wierda, Albers and Van Nederynen, of Emersonians, held the affirmative, while Anthony Englesman, Blocker and Peter Cooper of the Fraternals formed the negation.

John Wierda opened the debate by showing the fatal result of the many strikes in the past, and pointed out the present condition, which he maintained did not furnish means of prevention of strikes. He was followed by Englesman, who demonstrated that compulsory arbitration was wrong in principle, that it had failed wherever tried, and that it had grave defects which made it utterly impossible.

The next speaker, Mr. Albers, showed that it was a question of might or right and asserted the soundness of compulsory arbitration. Dick Blocker, the next speaker for the negation, gave his definition of compulsory arbitration, showing its weaknesses and that it had been refused by both Labor and Capital. Mr. Van Nederynen clearly defined his plan showing the advantages and the success it had had in other countries. Mr. Cooper concluded the debate by showing the stumbling blocks in the plan of the affirmation and by proposing his plan of voluntary arbitration.

The rebuttal was very lively, the affirmative accusing its opponents that they had taken their plan, while the negation denied the fact.

The judges of the evening were Messrs. Meinecke, Dame, Kuizenga, who awarded the decision unanimously to the negation, placing Englesman, Cooper and Blocker.

Knick-Cosmos Debate.

Hope students are always keenly alive to the vital questions of the present, and it was with much enthusiasm that the problem, which compulsory arbitration of labor disputes presents, was attacked last Friday evening in Winants Chapel. The Cosmopolitans, represented by Mr. Peter Mulder, Mr. Mike Schurman and Mr. Winfield Burggraaf upheld the affirmative side of the question and were firmly resolved that the Federal Government should adopt a system of compulsory arbitration to settle labor disputes. They outlined the history of labor unions and strikes and presented a plan suggested by the National Industrial Board which met in Washington last November. The Knickerbockers, represented by Mr. Maurice Vischer, Mr. John Dalenburg and Mr. Milton Van Dyke, were strongly opposed to the compulsory plan and denounced it as non-progressive, undemocratic and un-American. Mr. Dalenburg said that the compulsory plan presented more difficulties than Solomon had with all his wives. The negation presented the Anderson plan which provides for profit-sharing and partial control of industry by the laborers.

The rebuttal, which was very spirited, was concluded in a whirlwind fashion by Mr. Burggraaf. Professors Hinkamp, Wichers and Winter, who judged the contest delivered the verdict which gave Mr. Burggraaf first place, Mr. Vischer second, and Mr. Dalenburg third place. A decision of two to one for the Knickerbocker men was rendered by the judges.

There must be output before there can be income.

GLORY DAY IS REAL DAY OF JUBILEE

LIGHT OF VICTORY CRINKLES
IN THE SHIELD OF SIXTH
CONSECUTIVE VICTORY

Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling? Happy? Well, that doesn't express it at all,—just imagine yourself at Hope, when, after having won the men's State oratorical contest for five consecutive years, Harry goes up to Adrian and wins it for Hope again. Not only that, but Tena also went up there and took first in the women's contest. Great? Well, that doesn't exactly express it,—it can't be expressed, you know,—you've got to be a Hopeite in order to really know what I mean. Everybody was just bubbling over with enthusiasm and love and joy for what Harry and Tena had done for Hope, and just naturally couldn't help from shouting it forth.

As unusual, the chapel was completely filled at 8 o'clock when chapel exercises began. President Dimmet perceived what the ominous attendance portended and at once announced that studies had abdicated in favor of Glory ay, and that immediately after the usual chapel exercises, the day was ours. That was enough,—now to let Holland know that the day was ours.

As a committee of the whole, the student body voted to parade thru town and then to return to the chapel for a real victory and thanksgiving celebration.

The parade was a success. Everybody was out and Holland soon woke up to the fact that Hope had won—mark you, again—its sixth consecutive victory in State oratory. And all Holland was back of us—they even told us so.

Back to chapel again at ten o'clock we were happier than when we left an hour before. The atmosphere was tense with "pep." Honest now, didn't you really feel yourself drinking in enthusiasm with every breath? The air was electric,—the program committee knew it and had arranged for the live-wires to set it off: Rev. Jas. Wayer, Thos. N. Robinson, Dr. Blekkink, Professor Riemersma, Harry and Tena, the Prins-Baker Quartet, The Prins-Van Raalte Duet and last and best of all, Professor J. B. Nykerk,—our "Ny", our incarnation of the otherwise inexpressible Spirit of Hope. Do you love Hope? Then you must love "Ny."

Rev. Wayer, speaking as an alumnus, talked of the distant past when he was a Hopeite,—but say, he's still a Hopeite, right back of us, rejoicing when we rejoice, and participating as much in our present victory as any of us: Once a Hopeite always a Hopeite. Tom Robinson, our adopted Hopeite, is back of us too, and pushing hard. And Dr. Blekkink, of the Ancients, is still as ardently enthusiastic for Hope as in the days when he Did It for Hope. And Professor Riemersma is pulling for us at the high school, telling of the wonderful Spirit of Hope, and turning the future America Hopeward; and still feeling a big, sturdy throb in his breast when news comes to him that someone Has Done for Hope again.

Tena spoke briefly, but we read between her words all that she wanted to say and didn't. There is a great wholehearted sincerity in Tena, and it completely prevades all that she says. We knew you'd win, Tena, and you did. Of course, we knew what Harry would say—"Ny" did it. But,—we understand.

Naturally, our Glory-Day couldn't be complete without seeing our other victories, and so Hope's other heroes, Basketeers, Debaters, the Anchor Staff must needs appear on the platform. We're proud of them—every one. They Do It for Hope, and so we, by admiring them, try to acquire that fine spirit of unselfishness and of loyalty which is theirs.

And then, as I said before, last, and best of all, was "Ny". He loves Hope, he loves us; and he makes us love Hope and him. He spoke briefly, but we know he felt much. We know what it means to him to "put it over" the other schools for six straight years, and he knows what it means to us to have him to do so, and so I think we understand. Of course, we've got to crow a little bit now, but when that is over we've got to settle down and make it seven straight.

"MORE BUNK"

It was lighter there than daylight,
The sun began to rain,
When I went to the attic
To fix the cellar drain.
The sun rose early that evening,
The moon shone bright that day,
So I went coasting in my bath tub,
To reap my rain stroke hay.

'Twas midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight.
Forest burned brightly dim,
It rained all day that night.
'Twas a winter's day in August,
The snow was sleeting fast,
A barefoot boy with shoes on,
Stood sitting in the grass.

—Contributed.

The Anchor

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A LITERARY AGE IN THE MAKING.

An awakening of national consciousness is noted in the field of literature. Altho America has produced, here and there, a Bryant, a Lowell or an Emerson; yet no period in American history stands out distinctly as a peculiarly literary or artistic period. The reasons for this situation are found in the study of the growth and development of our national life. Until 1815 we were struggling to maintain our existence as a nation. After the war of 1812 to the reconstruction period of the Civil war we were interested chiefly in establishing a nation and a national consciousness. From then on, we have been coming into our own, but we have been so busy doing so that we have forgotten—perhaps not the weightier part—but certainly an essential of national life.

The current issue of the World's Work comments quite judiciously upon the apparent growth of a literary taste among the American people today. It traces the causes to the aftermath of another great war. Every war has awakened a large portion of people to the worth and the value of literature. In the Civil war, the men in blue and the men in gray were at least of one heart when it came to reading. By the flickering light of a taper or by the side of the dying embers of the campfire, many a soul was stirred to the new realities that life presented to him in literature. They read all the way from "Les Miserables" to "St. Elmo." The particular book did not matter. In '98, it was du Maurier's "Trilby" or General Wallace's "Ben Hur."

As the War of '61 produced its writers and as the war with Spain brought to us such works as "Richard Carvel," "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "David Harum," so this last war has produced a score or more of great literary, or prospectively great, literary men. The men in the army were not a wild mass of ignorant, unthinking men. They were men who thought, who realized to a great extent the gravity of their task. It was the privilege of the writer to spend many of his evenings, while in the army, working in the A. L. A. library. It was astonishing to learn that practically every man in the entire camp was a reading man and chose his reading with a marked discretion. In all the camps and forts of our country a silent but a powerful literary sentiment was shaping itself. And the result was that Conrad, Marshall, E. S. White as well as Tarkington, Bachelior and Streeter were telling their tales to receptive minds.

Kipling was about as general a favorite as any for he expressed to men in words that did not preach the real messages of manhood. The levity of Streeter in his "Dere Mable" series held merely a passing interest to the men.

Today the market is flooded with all kinds of literature. People are crowd-

ing about the bookstand to "get hold of the best seller" or "the latest." The earlier psychic works of Maeterlinck have culminated in the books on spiritualism by such men as Sir Oliver Lodge and A. C. Doyle. Altho everyone has a natural aversion to war stories, Brand Whitlock's "Belgium" is everywhere in demand.

Works of history have come to the front as never before. "The Education of Henry Adams" is still feverishly sought by the lover of real criticism. Autobiography is as popular as the novel. "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt to His Children" and the "Autobiography of Lincoln" are charming people everywhere.

Perhaps America is coming to herself. It may be she is entering upon a great literary age. Let us hope so. In the meantime as college men and women of the greatest nation of the world in the most promising time we may prepare to represent the on-coming period by deep appreciation and a thorough knowledge of the best in literature.

OUR BEST ORGANIZATION WANTS YOU.

The Y. M. C. A. has never played a better part than it does today. The spirit of the Hopeites in those hours of prayer has never sounded truer. As a visitor recently remarked, the hymns seemed to ring out with enthusiasm.

Following a long line of helpful meetings, Professor Wichers, last week, brot a stirring message on the Christian needs of Europe—a call for American Christianity worth reproducing and the man to reproduce it. He gave many of us a new and broader conception of our neighbors in the nearest East. None of the men can afford to miss such a meeting. None can afford to miss such meetings as have gone before. But the fact remains that students all around us are depriving themselves of a great inspiration by cutting the Y. M. C. A. from their list of activities.

And it is not wholly their own fault. One man, who has since become deeply interested in the organization during his whole Freshman year, attended only a couple of meetings. No one ever told him what he was missing and so he went his way contentedly without that help. Today it is certain that there are many on the campus who skip that hour of worship on Tuesday evenings, not because they do not want to come, not because they think they haven't time, but simply because they do not realize the real help and power those meetings give. All of us know fellows like that. Let's make it our business to get them interested, to share our blessing and thus increase it.

COMMUNICATION

Chicago, Mar. 9, 1920.

Dear Editor—

As an ex-Holland boy, I am asking you to place this in proper hands. If the American Legion Post of your fair city has a basket ball team, I would like to play them, at your city, if they have not, I would like to play the local Y. M. C. A. team. But not your Hope College team. For that team whole Chicago, not only myself, has a wholesome respect. My boys only lost three out of 12 games and unless showing a reversal of form, will give you highly-interesting game of basketball. We will weigh about 140 lbs. As to the financial end of the game, all I ask is expenses for my boys, railroad and hotel expenses. This should not be hard, I know Holland to be more patriotic than Chicago, making it easier for some public spirited man to help the boys out in this. I am representing Woodlawn Post No. 175, the largest post in Chicago, 1200 paid up members. My players are all clean athletes. Thanking you for this favor, I remain,

R. W. TARDIFF,

3000 Cheltenham Place, Chicago.
Athletic Director Woodlawn Post.
P. S.—Game would have to be on Saturday evening to enable us to make the trip a week-end.

Y. M. C. A.

When we left the Y. M. C. A. meeting last Tuesday night, not a person could make any other comment than: "It was good." Professor Wichers had charge of the meeting and his topic was "The Christian Needs of Europe." The war has made numberless changes in Europe. Hundreds and hundreds of acres of land are in ruins. Families have been broken up, millions have died on the battle front, others have died of disease. Seeing these conditions of Europe, the men of America should arise and become reconstructors. Americans never were slackers and now they will again nobly respond to the call for rebuilders. But the one question that should be asked of all reconstructors is "Are you a Christian?" If he is not a Christian then he is not desirable for a worker in Europe. The people need Christ, the one that can help them carry their burdens, the one in whom they can always rely. When Americans go to Europe whether it be as reconstructors or tourists they should always wave high the banner of Jesus, so that the people hearing and seeing them may find the Savior of men. And altho we as students cannot go to Europe now and help reconstruct we can at least pray that men may find the necessity of Christ; and when Christ is found Europe will be better and more speedily rebuilt. Professor Wichers outlined all the needs of Europe and after his talk many of the ex-service men that went across told us of Europe as they had seen it.

Y. W. C. A.

Lauren Muilenberg led a very interesting meeting on Friday afternoon. Her subject, "Substance or Shadow," proved more fruitful than might have been expected upon first consideration.

Are we genuine, or are we "an imperfect representation" of the real article? Is our attitude toward our companions one of straightforwardness or do we judge them behind their backs? Dr. S. M. Zweemer once said, "The chief faults of college students are sham, provincialism and dawdling." Think of it! It takes one's breath away. Are we insincere and hypocritical—oh, surely not. Do any of us surround ourselves with a hard shell of exclusiveness or limit our vision by dwarfing our horizon? Let us hope not, for such an attitude is contrary to true campus democracy. When St. Paul said, "If I have the tongues of men and of angels—if I have the gift of prophecy and all knowledge—if I give my body to be burned,—and have not love, I am nothing," he had reference to an all pervading love, unstinted, free and full, for enemies as well as friends.

Do our victories over doubts lead us to deep convictions, or have we no vital convictions, being "shaken by the wind and tossed?"

It behooves every girl upon the campus, indeed every person, to analyze his life, for the influence of the personality of Hope is vital to the welfare of the world!

"The future will soon be present, And the present will soon be parted."

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

Last Friday we held a closed meeting. It was a prayer meeting. It reminded one of the time one lead hundreds of recruits that had just arrived from America to the quartermaster store houses, with orders from the captain to see that these men received all they needed. Each man was asked what he needed; then, in the name of the captain it was asked for; and each man signed his name, and, within a week, he went well equipped to the front.

So this week, we went to the quartermaster store houses of heaven; we had an order from the Captain of our Salvation to ask for all we needed. We needed especially a greater consecration of our inner lives, the conquering spirit of Christ and also a rich blessing on our friends, especially those in foreign fields.

Just as we were proud that America was so rich that it could give us all we needed, so we were glad that our Father is so rich that He can abundantly supply us all our needs. We are glad we are children of a King, called to claim all nations for Him.

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dantly supply us all our needs. We are glad we are children of a King, called to claim all nations for Him.

Scholten Writes From New Jersey.

Hope students are always glad to hear from regions that are unlightened. We have heard from India several times and how our men are faring out there. This time we have heard from New Jersey. Walt feels strongly on the dancing question and considers dancing one of the big dangers of college life.

Dear Editor "Jidge:"

After considerable cogitation upon the contents of your screed I have concluded that the opinions and comments of mine which I should like to have published you would not dare consent to publish are not worth publishing. That is the way most persons feel about the Public Pulse, hence the decided lack of vox popers.

Everything at Hope surely looks O. K. from this "Wilderness of Sin"—even old Van Vleck. Many and many a time one wishes he were back on the dear campus getting in his holler with the boys, even though some of them do hail from New Jersey. The eleven and the five have made us all very proud of the Orange and Blue, and the debaters and orators are, of course, going to make us cockier still.

Now, if we could only get the alumni to join in a "Give a Thought to Hope" campaign, remembering that once upon a time they, too, were the ruling spirits—with apologies to Sirs O. L. and A. C. D.—in Holland we'd have quite a school.

The enclosed clipping from the Wisconsin Daily Cardinal gives a cross-section of an ideal alumnus.

Yours, until the election of a great president than Wilson,

Walter A. Scholten, '18.

Three hundred men and women who gathered at Main hall Friday afternoon to hear Edward S. Jordan, '05, president of the Jordan Motor Company, Cleveland, speak on the automobile industry got a thrill which they did not expect and saw a revelation of the real old Wisconsin spirit when Mr. Jordan, in the midst of his address, stopped suddenly and challenged his audience:

"How long," he shouted, "will the red-blooded men of Wisconsin, fine brawny fellows, who went to bat for

the United States in the war, stand for the substitution of tea dancing for football? How long will the jazz melody displace the two-fisted song, 'On Wisconsin,' and when will that inspiring song of our alma mater take the place of the 'Pistachio Wiggle?' "Men of Wisconsin," he said, "have told me today that they left Wisconsin to go to war, knowing that the spirit was there. They came back to find the university drinking tea and jazzing."

"The men and women of Wisconsin who knew the traditions of this great university and what its future must be are in a mood for action. They recall the days when the student body wen en masse to bid the team goodbye, and stood in ecstasy or in tears as the battling eleven see-sawed up and down the field."

"Shades of Phil King—when Music hall shook for cheers for Pat O'Dea, and a day later 30,000 happy people roared approval of the team."

"How long will the healthy minded women of Wisconsin hold tea dancing above manly sports when all the successful men we know are such horrible dancers?"

Mr. Jordan was instrumental in bringing about clean athletics in Wisconsin and was connected with numerous activities during his university career.

The fellow who isn't fired with enthusiasm is apt to be fired.

Excess is an arch enemy of success.

After all, you've got to give full, fair vaule. Or you won't last.

Carelessness and failure are twins.

The most valuable "system" is a good nervous system.

If you have half an hour to spare, don't spend it with someone who hasn't.

Honking your horn doesn't help so much as steering wisely.

Don't expect poor work now to lead to brilliant work hereafter.

You have no idea how big the other fellow's troubles are.

Business is as much a game as golf or baseball or football.

Student Comment

FRESHMAN CLASS—WAKE UP!

It is not our purpose to stir up ill-feelings or hostility on the part of any single class. But since this is an expression of our candid and sincere opinion, we feel that it is our duty to make it known. Our motives are the best and we hope that an enlivened interest in all college activities on the part of the lower classmen may result.

We have had occasion during the course of the year to observe the general spirit and activity of the Freshman class. It is my opinion (and there are many others who agree with me wholeheartedly) that the class of '23 has been loafing on the job. Coming to Hope at the beginning of the year with so many possibilities latent within them, they have absolutely failed to make good. Many there were who predicted and prophesied that the present Freshmen would far excel any other class that ever nestled itself within the folds of old Hope. But again we must maintain with the gentlemen from Missouri, "You've got to show us."

Recently in the inter-class games the Freshmen were unfortunately compelled to take last place. To my recollection this year is the first in a good many years that an upper class team has copped the honors. It may be said that the Seniors had an exceptionally strong team. Admitted. But we nevertheless maintain that the Freshmen had men in their ranks who could have furnished some stiff opposition and those men didn't have enthusiasm enough to back their own class. We do not wish to discredit the men that played on the team. We know that they played hard and did their best. But they had little support from their class. Usually the Freshmen have the largest group of rooters to cheer their team on. We do not believe that this can be said of the Freshmen this year.

We do not wish to go on record, however, as seeing only the dark side of the matter. We have called your attention to this lack of enthusiasm and general class-spirit simply to arouse the class to action. Spring is coming and with it the annual inter-class field meet. Now the meet this year bodes fair to be a hotly contested struggle for the honors; and the class that wins will have to go some. We wish to encourage the lower classmen to come out and practice for the meet. It is not only good exercise, but also gives you opportunity to establish a high standard for your class. This entails a double advantage and should be an inducement to all of the Freshmen. Wake up, class of '23! Show the rest that you are alive and have the goods! Show your enthusiasm! If this comment seems somewhat severe, remember that it comes from one who has the interest of Hope at heart. The future of the school needs a good live Freshman class. Get together and let us see some united action on your part! Do it for yourselves and for Hope!

ATHLETIC EDITOR.

Clarence Poppen has returned from Ann Arbor where he visited his mother, who has undergone a serious operation.

Fred Dekker is back at school after his long illness.

Dorothy Hunt from Ann Arbor has been with us for a few days. Miss Hunt came to attend the funeral of her grandmother.

Gertrude Pieters spent the week-end in Chicago, where she attended a Y. W. C. A. conference.

Mr. William Ten Haken was seen at the movies on Friday afternoon.

The Junior girls are having a wonderful time after their "spree" on Monday night. They are "limited to the campus."

Milton Van Dyke has returned from Detroit, where he transacted some business affairs.

After his severe attack of pneumonia, Harold Vander Ploeg has gone home to regain his strength.

"Pockets" took himself to the game on Friday night. A little speed after this "Pockets."

The Y. W. C. A. girls are making a survey of the city to convince people of the need of a city Y. W. C. A.

The Dormitory girls are finally relieved of their task of preparing meals for the invalids in Van Veeck Hall. Lucky for the boys!

Mrs. Schnooberger, Billy's mother, was a visitor at Voorhees Hall last week and "Billie" needs a looking after.

Emma Reeverts writes that her father is still suffering very much. Hope students and faculty sincerely hope that Emma may soon be back with us and send their sympathies to Rev. Reeverts and family.

PART I

Introduction and Plot.

Who said the girls of Hope were not good entertainers and cooks? Last Tuesday, after considerable debating and questioning, a rip-roaring party developed for the members of the basketball team. At different intervals from 3:45 p. m. to 6:30 p. m. members of the team were seen following one of the fair sex to the car line and from the car to Muilenberg's cottage at Central Park. The cottage was opened in the usual way by picking the lock on the door. (We didn't know the Hope girls were such good artists at that trade). After having some trouble in starting the fires, the girls went shopping and got a pint of gasoline in a five-gallon container and a gallon of kerosene in a little brown jug. About 6:30 p. m., the atmosphere was filled with the aroma of a well-cooked meal. Speaking of eats, the girls promised that if the team won the game at M. A. C. they would get a big feed. The fellows were glad they didn't win because no one could have eaten any more. Bill and Dick even ate more than their 50-cent limit. No one knows how much Teunie ate, because it took him so long, he being interested in another (?). Mike showed everybody the ideal way to hold a salt-shaker. Pete and Gary fainted, because instead of the usual egg for supper they found a couple of porks on their plate. After the gluttons had finished their feasting, the amusements started (according to one's desire). The games were so full of "pep," (all of which could have been played in a society room) that the little time we had before the 9:27 (that hated nuisance) soon was gone and the happy, yet despondent group wandered away in the dark, which made them look like fence poles.

PART II

Moral of Story.

Since this is a college with high ideals and everybody is trusted and supposed to be treated as a man or woman we must ever have our chaperone. So in going to parties, be careful that you don't take too much food along or you will have to eat in a hurry to catch the 9:27. All of the fellows under twenty-five must catch the 9:27 or they will be campused.

JUNIORS HAVE INTERESTING DIVERSION AT JENISON

"Two to the park." This is what one would have heard repeatedly if he had been at the interurban depot Monday afternoon. De Boer's cottage, Jenison Park, was the destination of these various members of the Junior class. "What kind of a time did they have?" Just leave it to the Juniors to make the most of an evening off.

As early as 4:30 p. m. they commenced to step off the car, some to inspect the cottage, while others preferred to watch the sunset from the lake shore. Incidentally it took an exceptionally long time for the sun to set this particular evening, judging from the time which elapsed before the return of the students of nature.

While waiting for that part of the

program provided by the social committee those at the cottage endeavored to stifle the voice of the inner man by playing Jenkins and other games while our musician, Budwiski Dewolf-iki, brot tears to our eyes with his wonderful interpretation of "When John Went Off to War."

When the "eats" finally did show up, we all "fell to" with gusto, but before the last delicious morsel had disappeared the alimnetiveness of every one had been satisfied. Scalped spuds, biscuits, ham on bred by the bushel, together with java, green peas and some specimens of Heinz finished product and on top of all that a good big chunk of Miller's pie!!!

The next hour passed so swiftly that no one was ready to leave when our chaperons, Miss Gibson and Mr. Ten Haken, announced that the time for departure had come. The fudge was just ready for consumption and it was little wonder that some of the party failed to board the car when it arrived ten minutes later. No tears were shed over the incident, however, and the time was pleasantly spent until the last car bore the "belated" ones homeward.

DR. PIETERS SPEAKS ON "THE DOCTRINES OF THE HEAVENLY REASON."

Scholarly Address Appeals to Students of Faculty and Seminary.

Dr. Pieters gave the seminary and college students an interesting lecture last Friday afternoon. His subject was "A New Religion." In his introduction, Dr. Pieters gave us a general view of the field of this new religion. It finds its parallel in Christian Science in that its founder is a woman of visions and dreams. A lot of ridicule perhaps enters into our mind, but Dr. Pieters said that this woman reared in Buddhistic surroundings, was the incarnation of pure unselfishness. There are three or four million Japanese people who adhere to this new religion at the present day. Even the president of a Japanese university embraced the faith for a time.

But the discourse was chiefly concerned with the "doctrine of the heavenly reason." These people believe both in a pantheistic and personal, absolute Deity, who exercises his providential power and supports humanity with his hand. In affliction the Japanese sees God's personal interest touching his life for the better.

Incarnation is a doctrine held very strongly. The thot arises: What about the personalities involved in the Godhead? As Christians, we believe in the Divine God, Three in One; the Japanese believe in a Godhead, at least ten in one. Many inconsistencies connected with this conception of God are prevalent, but are supported and believed by the Japanese.

The doctrine of man says that he is divine—a divine law in the process of development. He is part of God, yet created by Him. Man is placed upon earth to fulfill His obligation of stewardship.

Immortality differs from our conception of it in that a person loses his identity in death. It is rather considered as a force, producing different effects.

Destiny in the Japanese mind, of the one, who belongs to the next is detrimental and deadening. It produces a certain kind of peace, a passive complacency. One redeeming feature is that by faithfully obeying the power of destiny, perhaps another and higher life may be lived and entered upon when one "starts all over again" after death. The empirical embodiment is the highest state one can come to.

In conclusion, Dr. Pieters mentioned that prayer somehow or other, can break the power of Destiny, that there are many similarities between this new religion and the Christian faith.

After the lecture opportunity was given to ask question. The answers given to them gave still further light on the subject. For more than an hour the audience listened with great

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interest and went away satisfied. Some day we hope to hear Dr. Pieters again.

T. HIBMA.

TO ARABIA

Arabia, thou art my land, my home: I scarce can wish but what I long for thee

First light of day, first moon and stars I saw

Were thine. First mother's smile and fatherly

Caress I sensed with thee. My love of God

In part is love for thee, Arabia! I knew the desert islands of Bahrein,

Where beauteous pearls are sought and found, and sold

With souls of countless price and rare. Barefoot,

I ran the sandy beach to gather shells;

Of shifting sands, built cities manned with bits

Or drift-wood bleached; and dipped with childish fear

Into the shallow edge of endless sea. Gardens I saw in Muscat and Bahrein;

Saw graceful palms of Busrah stoop and bend

The Student's Barber CASPER BELT

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STOP AT WHITE CROSS BARBER SHOP

For Classy Haircut or Shave

O'er dark canals. I loved the rugged crags

On Oman's coast; the thundrous howl and roar

Of cruel waves that beat relentlessly Upon those stalwart rocks that will not yield.

I love thee all in all, and love thee still.

Beyond thy sand-driv'n coast and barren crags,

I see a land of water—my promised land,

My choice forever more, I long, I long

For thee, my heart's desire—Arabia!

—Frances M. Thomas.

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NUTTY STUFF

Prof. Evans: "Miss Zwemer, why does a steel magnet stick to your hand in cold weather?"
Bessie: "It's attracted to the iron in the blood."

Speaking of economy, says Roggen, "You've got to pay exactly as much for small shoes as for large ones."
Tunie (unsympathetically) "You surely get your money's worth."

"Stockings?" said the salesman, "Yes, ma'am, what number do you wear?"

Dot W.: "What number? Why, two, of course. Do you take me for a centipede?"

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Od sloof lla, ti od dlnow noy wenk ew.

Glenna: "If I put a sign 'Busy—Keep Out, on the door, people stick their heads in to see whether I'm telling the truth. If I post a notice, 'Asleep—Don't Disturb,' no one takes my word for it. It'll soon be so bad that if I hand some one my calling card I'll need a birth certificate to prove my name."

Vers Libre

When a girl
Coming down the street
Whom
You know just a little
Or
Think you do, and
You put on that prepared smile
And raise your hat just
So cordial-like,
And she
Marches on, giving you
The Geological Survey,
It's a grand and glorious feeling,
Is it not?
Yes, it is
Not!

"BUNK"

"Twas a nice October morning,
Last September in July,
The moon lay thick upon the ground,
The mud shone in the sky.

The flowers were singing sweetly,
The birds were in full bloom,
When I went down in the cellar—
To fix an upstairs room.

The time was Tuesday morning,
On Wednesday, just at night,
I saw, a thousand miles away,
A house, just out of sight.

The walls were facing backwards,
The front was in the back.
It stood between three others,
And it was whitewashed black.

(Continued from First Page)

The lineups:

HOPE.

HOLLAND Y

P. Prins.....R. F..... Kuite
Jappinga.....L. F..... Warnsluis
T. Prins.....C... Van Tongeren
Van Hazel.....R. G..... Nedervelt
G. De Jong.....L. G..... Nykamp
Substitutes—Schurrmans for Van
Hazel, Barman for Warnsluis. Field
Goals—P. Prins 4, Jappinga 4, T.
Prins 2, Van Hazel 1, Nykamp 2, Ne-
dervelt 1, Van Tangeren 1, Kuite 2.
Fouls—Jappinga 6 out of 12, Nykamp
8 out of 12.

Score—28-20.

Referee—Groening, Grand Rapids.

Umpire—Van Putten, Hope '18.

Timer—De Jonge; scorer—Baker.

In the curtain raiser the Hope Reserves ran away with the "Y" Reserves. The seconds showed themselves superior in all departments of the game. E. Lubbers and Van Duren were the point-getters for Hope and Walters for the "Y" team. The score was 23 to 8. The first game resembled the big game in that the first half was a walk-away. The score of 18 to 2 showed the Hope Reserves were in a class by themselves. They are starting late, but better late than not at all.

Life itself is aptly likened to a game.

To win out you must play the game every time.

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